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Art
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ART

Her children knew Home was where you could find a good banana. Once, her kitchen reeked of Caring. Anymore she didn't want much food, so as for cooking for herself she just didn't. Her private art: staying thin. The honest voice: her growling stomach. From the kitchen table, vision. And it was still sexy, the way a slice of Lappi flopped, wavered, wobbled, like a slice of Velveeta. Who knew in grade school that Velveeta color, since it wasn't *real*, couldn't be good. In grade school whole milk looked gross as it tasted against the blue of skim. Why remember times she'd pick a bottle from a refrigerator and watch her fingers go gray-green with cold. Now she doesn't drink anything without a straw unless she's willing to wear it. Her public art: still life. It's Food. It's Home. What she wants in a painting: the rinsed milk carton that holds wet garbage under the kitchen sink; the laundry sink where the dishes from daycare lunch get washed. Terracotta tomb figures, themselves substitutes for real wives and chickens, were replaced after the ninth century by paintings on paper which was burnt with the corpse.